

Saturday Gazette.

Bloomfield and Montclair, N. J.

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CHAS. M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

Our Principal Office is next door to the Post Office in Bloomfield.

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

An independent weekly journal of LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS.

All public and local questions, including political and social, sanitary and reformatory, educational and industrial topics will be clearly presented and fully and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it not only readable and interesting to the general reader, but of special value to citizens of the county and of real importance to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair and Caldwell.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns at an unworthy or cordial welcome to every family circle.

Settled Clergymen in the county and all Public School Teachers in the county will receive the paper gratuitously by sending their address.

It should prove a valuable medium for advertisers. Our weekly circulation extends to every part of Essex county, and considerably elsewhere. SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS will be received in Montclair, by E. Madison; in Caldwell, by M. Harrison; in Verona, by W. L. Scott; in Newark, by W. H. Wynn, 445 Broad street, and at our office in Bloomfield, or by mail to Wm. P. Lyon, Editor and Proprietor, Bloomfield, N. J.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions for the present year will confer a favor by enclosing the same to Wm. P. Lyon, Bloomfield. The \$2.00 subscriptions received for the second volume expired on the 14th of Feb. Their renewal requires \$1.75 to be paid, which will run to the end of the present volume in December next.

Any subscriber is entitled to have an extra copy sent to any address, by the payment of \$1.00. We hope many will avail themselves of this offer. Our CALDWELL readers will be gratified with the increased interest for their village which our columns indicate. We hope to receive a large accession to our subscription list, there and also in VERONA. The Postmasters have consented to take the names and money and forward them to us. We hope our friends everywhere will rally to our support and encouragement by prompt responses.

TOWN MATTERS.—MONTCLAIR

An unusual agitation is manifest in our village as the annual town election approaches. The prospect is that there will be two tickets at least and possibly a good deal of scratching on election day.

The croakers and fault-finders are at their bootless task of endeavoring to sour the minds of voters against those fellow-citizens who have served the town in office. Taxes have been pretty heavy—road expenses have been heavy. But these burdens have been occasioned by laws which our town officers have had no hand in making, or in consequence of appropriations which the people themselves voted. Fault has been found with the Town Committee. Perhaps they have not been as wise as they should have been; but they have learned by experience, and we shall probably find, if we displace them and put in a new committee, that it will take new officers one term to learn how best to do their duties. We should undoubtedly have our best men, if we can get them to serve in office; and they should be kept in office long enough to give us all the advantage of their experience.

Party politics no need to have anything to do with our local affairs, and it should not. Let it be ignored entirely by nominating committees, and by voters, and then by the officers elect. The respective political parties may desire to keep up their distinctive organizations and it is well that they should. But in considering the merits of men for town officers, their personal characters and their special capacities and fitness are the only questions which deserve any attention. It seems to us that their party affiliations no need to be thought of or named.

And now since there will be several candidates for some one or all of the different offices, we would earnestly advise each voter to weigh well the matter of qualification and character and choose the very best man he finds among the candidates and vote for him and ask others to do the same.

The "Citizens" ticket has some good names on it, and we understand that the Republican caucus, which was to be held on Friday evening, was determined to put forth none but the best men—men known and respected for their wisdom, probity, knowledge of town matters and capacity for attending to them—men who realize the importance of curtailing expenses and keeping the taxes down to the lowest possible point. If they carried out this purpose then it may be that their ticket will satisfy the views and desires of our citizens generally. In this case it will be best to concentrate our votes upon that ticket and elect it by a large vote of warm and earnest confidence.

An interesting letter from our Foreign Correspondent at Rome reached us just too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

AT BLOOMFIELD MARCH 31 TO APRIL 3.

Opened at 10 A. M. Tuesday with preliminary exercises and address of the County Superintendent Davis.

He made reference to the subjects which would be discussed during the session. He depicted the deficiency of teachers, which is found to be greater and more general in orthography and reading especially than in any other branches. He decried very appropriately upon the character of the teacher's profession and compared the past poor qualifications of public school teachers with the present advanced competency of teachers generally. The same may also be said of the improvement in the boards of trustees.

He referred to the remunerative value of the teacher's vocation as comparing favorably with others. He also referred to the proper qualifications of teachers, of course very briefly though comprehensively. Knowledge is the first requisite—knowledge of himself and of his pupil. Second, love of children is indispensable. Third, discipline is important.

In conclusion the county superintendent made a touching allusion to the late Miss Brown of Montclair whose death had afflicted the whole fraternity in this county.

This was followed by an address of Mr. Geo. B. Sears superintendent of schools in Newark, on "Objective Teaching." The distinction between object teaching and objective teaching was alluded to, but the nature of object teaching which was amplified and illustrated very fully, formed the burden of the address. He thought this method of teaching may be applied to all subjects of instruction and all departments of knowledge. He showed that the understanding of even abstract and sentimental subjects may be greatly facilitated by applying this method of teaching by material objects. He thinks the greatest value of this method will be found when it leads to objective teaching.

Miscellaneous Business followed, in which Mr. Barringer of Newark, made some very plain, but excellent remarks in endorsement of Mr. Davis' allusion to the complaining spirit sometimes indulged by teachers that they are not sufficiently appreciated for their profession rightly estimated by the community.

In the afternoon the State superintendent of schools occupied most of the time in a very interesting and lucid lecture on Mathematical Geography—illustrated by apparatus and impromptu drawings.

In the evening a large audience listened to an exceptionally large lecture on "Education" given by Rev. Dr. G. C. Seidert, Professor in the German Theological Institute at Bloomfield. The Professor was perfectly at home and at ease in his subject and succeeded in delighting and informing his audience.

The exercises on Wednesday were first on the differences between Solar, Stellar, Lunar and clock time by Superintendent Ayer, who completely removed all obscurity and difficulty from a proper understanding of this rather intricate subject. Second, an Address by Wm. P. Lyon on the "Underlying Principles in Education," which was well received. Third, a practical Lecture on "Vocal Gymnastics" by Miss Laura A. Vail, whose superior in her chosen profession, we have never met. She is certainly our beau ideal of a lecturer.

The County Superintendent had charge and conduct of this Institute, in which his experience, tact and efficiency rendered it pleasing as well as profitable to the teachers, and highly creditable to himself. By the way, we have never, we think, seen a finer gathering of teachers than were here assembled. Essex County has reason to be proud of them.

We hope to give further report of this important occasion next week.

THE WONDERFUL WEST.

Through the kind thoughtfulness of one of our most appreciative Bloomfield-Montclair readers are favored with several copies of newspapers published in different towns in Iowa and Minnesota, which are regularly sent to him.

The GAZETTE of Hastings, Minn., is a splendid weekly journal full of original local and well selected reading.

The GRANGE ADVANCE, of Red Wing, Minn., is an eight page weekly journal completely filled with most interesting local intelligence of this thrifty town, including a detailed enumeration of its various businesses with a brief history of each establishment, and desirable and useful information of the county and the State.

The SEMI-WEEKLY REGISTER, of Marion, Iowa, is another fine journal, attractive, interesting and readable.

We wish our people could be familiar with these indicators of the growth, spirit and drift of the youthful towns of the Wonderful West leaving us so far in the back ground?

ELECTION.—The State Election in Rhode Island on Wednesday, resulted in a Republican triumph as usual, Henry Howard being re-elected Governor. This Legislature will have the election of a U. S. Senator in place of Senator Sprague.

BELLEVILLE CITY.—Our ambitious neighbor, Belleville, has suddenly aroused herself from the somnolence that gave her, in some quarters, the sobriquet of "Sleepy." She has obtained City Charter from the Legislature and will hereafter be entitled to the grave matronly prefix of "Mrs.," we suppose. May her posterity be as numerous as the stars in the firmament!

"OPENING."—The Spring Opening at the Newark Dry Goods Stores this week offers great attractions to buyers. Our advertisements include the principal and best dealers in dry goods and fancy goods of all descriptions that are to be found in the State. The names and merits of these establishments are not unknown to our readers as follows:

Cawley & Bliss, 741 Broad-st.
Marvin Dodd & Co., 659 Broad-st.
E. Elverson & Co., Cor. Bank and Broad
Fox & Plant, 688 Broad-st.
A. Grant Jr. & Co., 491 Broad-st.
Higgins & Freeman, 499 Broad-st.
Jno. M. Laughlin, 679 Broad-st.
T. McManus, 165 Market-st.

HOME MATTERS.

BLOOMFIELD.

WEATHER CHRONICLE.

Range of Thermometer at Bloomfield Centre.

March.	27	28	29	30	31	1	2
At 7 A.M.	32°	25°	32°	32°	36°	35°	30°
At Noon	41°	42°	38°	51°	31°	32°	37°
At 6 P.M.	36°	39°	33°	46°	34°	31°	35°

W. R. PETERS.

TOWN COUNCIL.—At the meeting of the Town Committee, on the 27th of March, but little of moment was done.

A claim of School Trustees of District No. 7 for \$1492.57 was referred for examination, and a bill of ——— Moreland for \$30 ordered to be paid.

A new schedule of lighting street lamps is in contemplation, till which time the Gas Company is to have discretionary power as to the lighting on moonlight nights, on condition that they for any diminution of time on those nights extend the time on dark nights.

There were some inaccuracies in our report of the previous meeting of the Council, whether from our haste in copying from the Clerk's book or carelessness of the printer, we do not know. The Standing Committee on Public Grounds is Thomas Oakes and John Sherman; and that on Contingencies is Thomas Oakes, W. Richards and J. B. Reford. Neither Town Clerk nor Overseer of Poor entered into bonds, as they are not required by law to do so.

The Commissioners of Appeals should have been stated as Reuben N. Dodd, Jas. C. Beach, Lewis Cockeclair.

EASTER SERVICES IN CHRIST CHURCH.—10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Easter Celebration of the Sunday Schools on Easter Tuesday at 7.30 P. M.

Easter Music for Christ Church:
Easter Anthem, ——— Chappole.
Gloria Patri, ——— Williams.
Gloria in Excelsis, ——— Williams.
Te Deum, ——— Jackson.
Jubilate, ——— Dr. Clarke.
Sixty-ninth Hymn, ——— Mozart.

SCHOOL MEETING.—It is hoped that Bloomfield citizens will not forget to neglect the School Meeting for Monday evening next. There is to be an election of five trustees in place of the present board whose term of service expires.

The present trustees are C. Peloubet, Rev. A. C. Friseth, E. W. Page, John Sherman and W. S. Baldwin (deceased). There is no more important election ever held in the town; no more important duty devolving upon citizens than that of electing an intelligent, interested, liberal-minded and efficient board of Trustees to preside over the affairs of the schools, where the minds and characters of our children are to be developed, molded and trained. Our school has undoubtedly made considerable progress and holds an advanced position. But those of us who understand this best, know that there is much room still for improvement, and why should we not have it? This is largely in the hands of the trustees by whom the teachers, and the class books, and the course, and hours, and methods of study are appointed. Ought not the trustees then, as far as possible, to be experienced educators themselves?

The Quarterly Meeting of the Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, connected with the First Presbyterian Church, was held on Sunday evening. The singing was splendid and the services very interesting. Letters lately received here, read by Mr. L. B. Barrett, and also addressed by Messrs. Phoebea W. Lyon, W. W. Hyman, John T. Seymour and by the Superintendent.

The Fair of the First Presbyterian Church, last week, was a very pleasant entertainment and financially a decided success, netting over \$500 to the cause.

Treasurer's Report of the Ladies' Relief Society for the week ending March 31st 1873. Received Baptist Church Collection, \$17.75; Disbursements, \$12.98.

Miss A. L. Ward, Treas.

MONTCLAIR.

A meeting of citizens to nominate Town officers was held on Wednesday evening, April 1st. Mr. C. A. Hopkins in the chair, and C. A. Dickinson, Secretary.

The Committee appointed at a recent meeting to nominate officers, reported a series of resolutions as a platform of principles which were substantially adopted. These were in favor of equal taxation, giving the owner of real estate the right of appeal from the action of Road Commissioners; calling for the judicious use of the power to bond the town for road improvements; and declaring the repeal of the entire Road Improvement Act desirable.

On Monday evening the horses attached to Mr. Thos. Porter's carriage became unmanageable at the school house and ran down the old road to Mr. P. Doremus' corner where they collided with a post, breaking the springs but otherwise not doing any damage.

The Montclair Midland Railroad has its tribulations, mutations, vacillations, and we believe sometimes, expectations. Its present attitude is that of rest. On Monday p.m. under a new injunction for a small sum claimed by Messrs. J. H. Pratt and H. C. Spaulding, the cars needlessly ceased to run and retired from business much to the inconvenience of the public. The road has been advertised for some time, to be sold at auction this day.

Mr. J. Ogden Clarke and Mr. N. O. Pillsbury have been appointed Commissioners of Deeds for Montclair.

The last Hillside Sociable for the season will be held on the 10th at Mr. Hesling's.

We have received copies of the local laws for Montclair passed by the late Legislature. They will be published in the GAZETTE as soon as we can make it convenient.

CALDWELL.—THE GEN OF THE HILLS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A cheerful looking place is always an attractive spot. When Nature and Art both contribute to the beauty of our surroundings then indeed is our physical condition essentially desirable. It is not often however, that we can boast of such a happy blending of harmony. There is too of a surfeit of the one and but a partial development of the other. Where Nature has done much to contribute to our enjoyment, Art should not be miserly in her lavishness. And in this I do not refer so much to what might be termed elaborate display as the absolute requirements of the people. Architectural symmetry and other evidences of enterprise and thrift may have their attractiveness very much marred simply by a neglect to complete the programme of absolute essentials. "One thing lacketh thou," said our Saviour to the model young man, and in this "lacking" he doubtless, lurks his eternal salvation. Our village, plurally speaking; is even a greater sinner, for we lack two things, at least; first, lighted streets, and secondly, navigable sidewalks in wet weather. It may be answered that we are not incorporated and hence are without the ordinary means of securing such advantages. But lamps, oil and plank, are not necessarily under control of such incorporations only. They are accessible to private individuals, and the cost of them bears an infinitesimal proportion to the benefit conferred on those who patronize them. Lighted streets have become an absolute necessity in country villages, and as a matter of dollars and cents a judicious investment in them will pay. Every owner of a house, at a trifling expense, can in this way, contribute not only to the cheerfulness of his own residence but to the attractiveness of his entire surroundings, and in this way, enhance the value of his possessions. I am told that the cost of a suitable street-lamp, putting up and all, is but six or seven dollars, and of course, the expense of lighting the same is but a trifle per night.

In the matter of side walks the remedy is equally simple and cheap—two hemlock planks nailed on cleats and placed on side walks would confer an incalculable advantage to all. Will our enterprising citizens reflect upon this matter and give to it some practical action? Jonathan Provost, Esq., is just the man to make a move for the accomplishment of this object. As a gentleman of wealth, influence and enterprise, and having the entire confidence of the people, I am sure his advice would be endorsed in this, as it is in other things relating to the welfare of the village. Count me in, Mr. Provost, and my proposed lamp and plank post within a week! "Let us have light!" My modesty forbids that I should inaugurate, by practical action, the plank movement, solitary and alone, and hence, I shall wait for the moving of the waters and then "step in."

Now the above is not written in a spirit of fault finding at all. I yield to none in appreciative feelings of the spirit of enterprise looming up in this charming little "Gem of the hills." I know that pockets and ingenuity alike have been taxed to augment the luster and beauty of this "gem." But may it not be made to shine even more brilliantly by being studded with a score or so of lamps (which will be a light to our path). And then again, a load or two of plank, placed just where they belong, will give to our feet the dry and solid foundation at all times and at all seasons, thus preventing dampness from reaching these useful articles, the soiling of their covering and a necessity for the use of rough Lozenges!

This will make locomotion by the "perpendicular direct line" exceedingly simple—rob it of all its complex difficulties, and thereby enable the fair to visit even when it is foul—promote a greater fraternity among kindred souls and do a good work generally. Social calls and visits would then be more frequent—the ladies would become, if possible, more cheerful and happy—the young gentlemen would make their Sunday evening "what you call us," with a little more regularity—and "pop" would go "the question" to many a deserving damsel, as the finale of the proposed improvements. We must have the lamps and the planks. So say the young ladies here. I know pa and ma won't offer any objection.

Rev. Mr. Berry discoursed last Sunday morning on the absolute importance of Infant Baptism. It is well to know that there are a great variety of views on this question, by the different theological sects. So far as my own belief is concerned the necessity of the thing is very much a matter of conscience: for the child being irresponsible, how is it influenced, one way or the other, by the formal baptism? Does this involuntary act necessarily inspire in the child, in after years, holy thoughts and a yearning for spiritual good? Does it eradicate a single innate sin or exempt from the penalty incurred by the commission of sin? If baptism accomplishes none of these things, then what becomes of the duty in regard to an observance of the rite? For, if not a single innate sin is removed by the act itself, and the child is just as safe and just as pure before the ordinance is observed as it is after; and that, at the pass of maturity, there is the same liability to sin as though in infancy, no such ceremony had been observed, what I ask in all candor becomes of the absolute necessity for Infant Baptism?

Circumcision, was practical under the Abrahamic theocracy as a positive law and was recognized and observed as such until the Gospel dispensation opened a new epoch for the church—Then the expensive rites of the old dispensation were abolished and circumcision became no longer a necessity.

We may still retain these forms in the church but where is the positive command to do this? Therefore, as a matter of form, 'tis well enough to consecrate our children in Baptism to the Church.

Nevertheless Mr. Berry, who is a good biblical scholar, delivered an able discourse, and his arguments were seemingly convincing.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HOUSE-KEEPING.

It was one Thursday in the Fall of 1873. House-cleaning time had come. I had told my two servants I could not hire additional help for cleaning, we must do it alone. Indeed the matter of keeping but one servant I was considering, so that extra help was out of the question. They were rather intelligent girls, read the daily paper enough to believe there was a hard winter ahead and girls who had good places had better keep them, so when the choice was given them to leave or stay and do my cleaning they decided to remain. So this Thursday morning, according to our plan, they were to commence our Fall cleaning, and I was to be queen of the kitchen for that day. My work is plain enough, thought I, upon entering my domain: breakfast dishes to wash, dining room to care for, dinner to cook, with now and then a run upstairs to look after the cleaning and to encourage Susy with her care for little four-year-old, as we often called her—a troublesome little puss who must be kept away from the kitchen. Did ever a housekeeper find a dish pan and dish cloth just so clean as they might be, when she had the dishes to wash! But let that pass. Dishes for ten took longer than I thought for, so by the time the dining-room was in order, it was time to think of dinner. Stepping into the parlor to muster my resources there, found part of a rib-roast, cold potatoes, cold hominy, and one pie. First rate for a house-cleaning dinner, thought I. Slice the meat, warm the potatoes in milk, fry the hominy, and I'll make a pudding, for one pie is not enough. So, sitting action to thought, was busily making the pudding, when the door bell rang. Susy understood she was to answer the bell, so directly she came in saying: "Mamma, the ladies told me to tell you that Jennie Hyde and Mary Graham were here." Is it possible! I exclaimed. Those girls here! Why, mamma, they are ladies like you, they are not girls. We always knew each other as such, I said, we were school girls together, and I've seen them but once in fifteen years. You will have to entertain them a little while; go and bring down your little sister and tell the ladies mamma will come very soon. Now, thought I, what's to be done! House-cleaning and company, and I the cook. The cleaning can't be stopped, friends have written they will be here to-morrow night, and I've no other room for them. If I call one girl down the other will be angry, and the cleaning won't be done to my mind. Programme for dinner won't be changed. I'll keep Kitty, while Susy sets the table, she can do it very well, and the simple cooking will take but a few minutes and one of the girls must wash the dishes after dinner. So, having put the pudding in the oven, I took off my apron and went to the parlor. Our delight upon meeting once more was very warmly expressed. We forgot the woman for the moment, and allowed the school girl to express itself. Is it possible nearly fifteen years have passed since we met! You are thinner, your rosy cheeks are gone, but you have changed but little, we said to each other. You are the same Maud Parker-Manning, I added. "Yes," they smiled, "we can't realize your being married, as well as if we were married ourselves though we have heard from you yearly since. You see, we have been more interested than you; we have been taking care of our brother's and sister's children all this while." "More's the pity," said I; "Your brother's and sister's families have been fortunate, indeed, but I believed in having one's own family to care for. I may not be quite orthodox on that point. I don't believe in too much disinterestedness. One's prospects for marriage may be blighted in that way." They laughed, and then began to talk of Susy and Kitty. "Why haven't you written us more particularly about your children?" asked Jennie. "I think I never saw such little ladies." The children had gone back to the nursery. "Why, Kitty came in like a lady, shook hands and kissed us, was very glad to see us, while Susy asked us to lay off our things, and sat and talked till you came in, showing us pictures and books with the familiarity of a young woman. I don't wonder you believe in marriage if such are the fruit. Such remarkable children I never saw." That does very well for you to say, with such a flock of nieces and nephews, I replied. But to answer your question, I seldom talk of my children. Both husband and I feel alike on that point. It would seem very strange to talk of one's self in a flattering way, and neither can I talk of my children so. I don't know that they are any smarter or better than other children, and I do know of parents who not only entertain friends and even strangers with praises of their children, but also of their wives and husbands; and I do know of some instances where persons have not only been very much disappointed upon meeting their wives and children, but found them quite unattractive. I remember hearing a young girl say of a certain lady, "She is nice enough, but she is forever telling about her little brats, and I can't bear them." This was long before I was married. I've thought of it many times. It's better to keep quiet and not have your children al-

luded to as little brats. So my silence in regard to both husband and children is explained. Then we fell to talking of school days, of what had become of some of the old school girls. Where are Sarah Allen and Fanny Goodwin? I asked. "Sarah married and went West to live in Illinois; she died a few years ago leaving five children." That beautiful girl; she was beautiful every way, said I. How proud her husband must have been of her. "Very proud, indeed; he was the most disconsolate of widowers, so much so he married another wife five months after." said Mary, sarcastically. Poor Fanny lived but three months after her marriage, then sickened with a fever and died. Her husband does business about fifteen miles from where Fanny's mother lives, and he goes every Saturday and spends the Sabbath with her: this he has done regularly for ten years." Poor girl, it seems as if they were before me now, the one tall and elegant, the other beautiful and very charming in her manner. Just then the cry for "Mamma, mamma," sounded over the balusters, "do come quick." Upon going into the nursery, there was Kitty in a plight indeed. The little one said she wanted to "write," and seeing an inkstand on the mantle she climbed up for it. Susy was too busy reading just then to notice the child, so the whole contents were spilled over white dress and apron and a good sized spot on the carpet. Susy took off the dress and apron while I hastened for water to wash up the spot. The dress and apron had to be put in milk; running down stairs for it, happened to think of the pudding. All dried out, or so trusty we can't eat it, I know. It was so burnt it was not palatable. Canned peaches and sponge cake are not bad substitutes, said I. So that was dismissed. Taking up the milk, found Susy had put on another dress and Kitty was ready again for the parlor. The girls were progressing so nicely with their work, I could expect assistance after dinner with the dishes, though waiting upon the table would have to be dispensed with. Passing through the parlor hall I heard the click of the gate, and had curiosity enough to look out to see who was coming, when whom should it be but my husband! Stepping into the vestibule, I exclaimed, what good fairy sent you here at this time? "I thought I'd come and see what sort of a dinner you could cook for company," said he. "How did you know I had company?" "Some one was in the store yesterday and left a message to that effect, but I forgot to tell you, so to atone for my neglect thought I'd come home and dine with them." "That's just like you," said I, "and you have come just at the right minute. I will go in and introduce you, then I must be excused." It took just half an hour to prepare the meal. As I seated my guests at the table, I noticed a blank look upon my husband's face. I know what he thinks, but don't know what he will say, thought I. After the blessing was said, he turned to the ladies and said, "My wife never apologizes for her table to unexpected friends. You were not expected, for in the multitude of cares your message was quite forgotten till this morning when I went to the store." The dinner, however, was served with as much dignity as if we were dining upon roast turkey and plum pudding. And we certainly enjoyed our conversation just as much. During the course of the talk Jennie made some remark which led my husband to say, "You read the Tribune, I think, Miss Hyde." "Yes," she said, "but Mary reads the Times. We discuss politics quite warmly sometimes, and though our views of President Grant differ, we are just as good friends as ever no matter how much I vex her." "She talks just as the Tribune does," said Mary. "I have yet to see the first thing to be dissatisfied with in our President. Amid he may have made some mistakes, they are not crimes; and never did a President have so much to try him and test him. I believe in holding up the hands of the man you voted for, and not run him down to the tune of a new party. This liberal republicanism I hate. It is just another word for democracy, and I'm too aristocratic ever to belong to the democratic party; I don't like the company they are in." This was uttered with a warmth quite unlike her former quiet way. Then I remembered her as a school girl, and it all came back to me how we loved to roam her to hear her talk. I had been thinking, too, of what my husband would say, for discussing with a lady upon the opposite side of the question as his own table would not meet with his ideas of propriety or good manners. Then Jennie asked, "Maud, what would you do with such a persistent friend. I have tried this far in vain to convince her of the truth!" "I guess she is not far from right," I said; "but I've been thinking if you will permit, of how natural it is for me to look at some of these things from a mother's standpoint. You two girls read two different papers, the one holds up our President, the other condemns; and what is more assigns to him motives unworthy a man or gentleman. I think the injunction, 'Fear God and honor the King,' is just as binding upon us now as when uttered eighteen hundred years ago. Other than this I feel is disloyalty and treachery."

Neither should ever allow himself to utter disparaging words in the presence of his family. I was educated, very strictly in this respect. Never did my parents allow themselves to speak in other than the most respectful and loyal terms of their Pastor and President whether of the same party or not. I don't believe in allowing a disloyal paper to come into the house. This matter of papers is a very serious one. Some editors have but the one idea to build up their own paper, and reputation by running down others, telling lies of men of unblemished reputation and filling their papers with the meanest slanders upon men and parties till it is perfectly disgusting. Sometimes it seems to me if an editor can hold up an other editor as a public man or man in the light of liars, deceivers, hypocrites, they are in their element. We don't allow any paper of this stamp to come into our house, whether it be a city daily or a village weekly. During the last presidential campaign we kept

even the N. Y. Times away from 'all save our eldest child. And I dread to have any reader of the Tribune come among my children with what I consider these disloyal sentiments. This is plain talking, Jennie, you must excuse me, I said. "I think I need to apologize" was her answer. I wish more parents were as careful as you. I saw my husband didn't disapprove my plain speaking, so I felt content as we lift the table.

An hour after dinner I was called out to hear one of the girls say, "we are ready for the carpet man; who is to shake it?" I stepped into the kitchen and said, well girl I've not once thought if it. George is ploughing, and I can't call him away, it's not a heavy carpet I see no way but for you to do it yourselves." It is difficult enough to quiet one's angry person, but when two open their batteries one must be well fortified indeed. I waited till their vocabulary of invectives was exhausted and anger had fairly spent itself, and then said as composedly as I could, "Well girls perhaps you would like to change places. The best thing for you to do, is to dress and go to the parlor, you probably can entertain my company better than I, and I will go out and shake the carpet. I have had a dress suitable, I think Kate yours will fit me I shall have to be under the necessity of borrowing it. They looked ashamed and left the kitchen. This last, was a little too much for my nerves. The scene was a short one, but I took strength, going up to my room I threw myself on the lounge trembling nervously. This is enjoying friends under difficulty thought I upon going down stairs a few minutes after, I don't believe in entertaining friends with histories of one's servants, so when my guests left two hours after they were none the wiser for the kitchen episode. That night my husband said to me, "Well wife have you had lights and shadows enough for one day? Yes, but the lights were all the brighter for the shadows, all sunshine you know don't do for us poor mortals." He said no more all shadows either. I remember one shadowy day of yours, of ours I added, sometime I guess you will have to write about it.

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